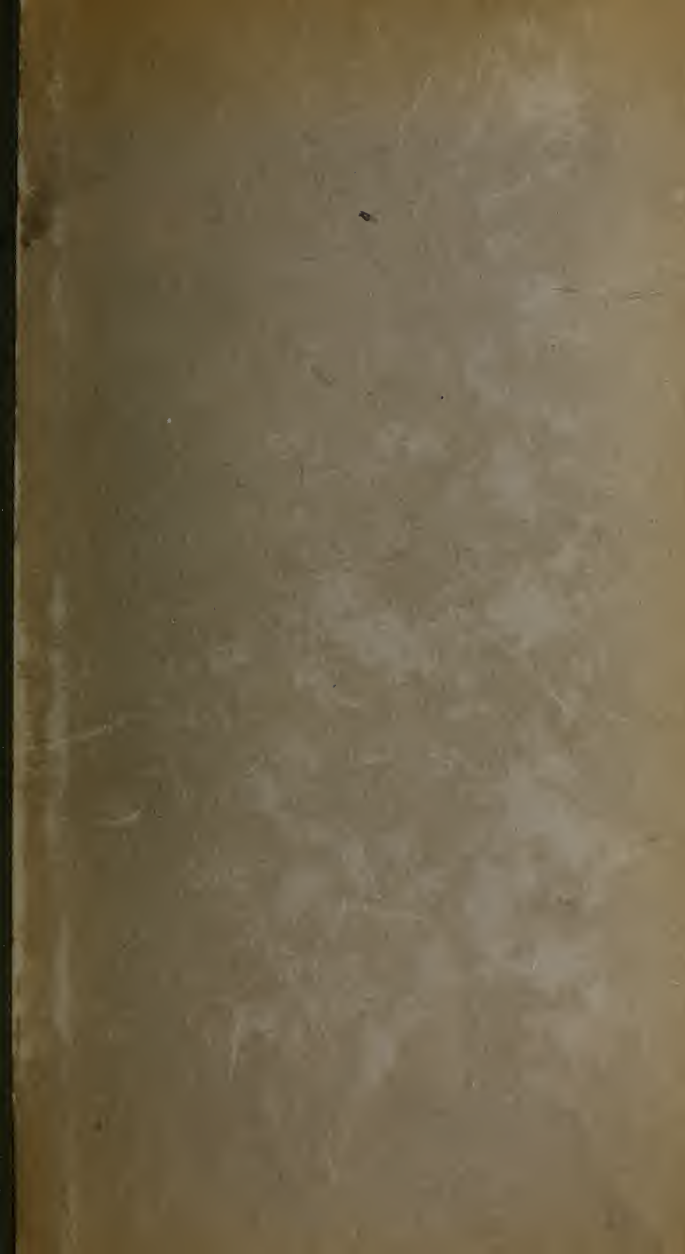
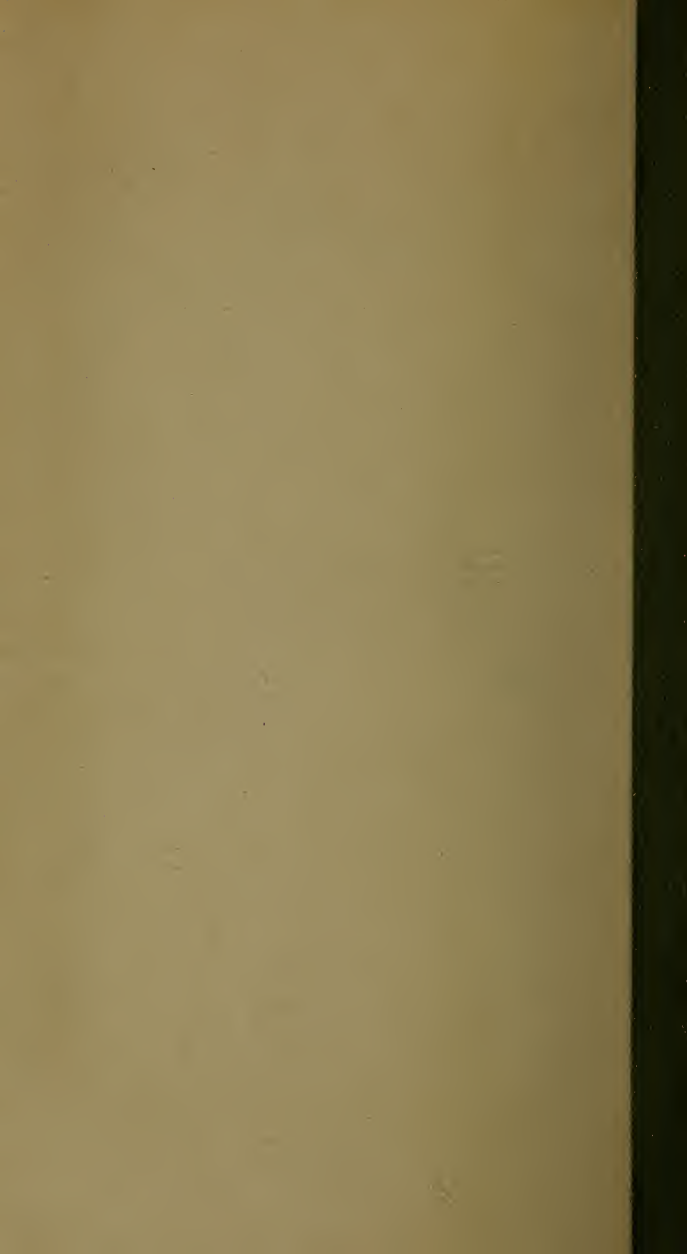






BINDING LIST NOV 1 1922



COCK ROBIN.

HODGSON'S EDITION.

THE
DEATH & BURIAL
OF
COCK ROBIN.

WITH COLOURED ENGRAVINGS.

SIXPENCE.

A dismal Tale this book will sure unfold,—
Of pretty Robin's death, the Story's told.





Who kill'd Cock Robin?

I, said the Sparrow, with my bow and arrow:
I kill'd Cock Robin.



Who saw him die?

I, said the Fly, with my little eye:
I saw him die.



Who caught his blood?
 I, said the Fish, with my little dish:
 I caught his blood?



Who made his shroud?
 I, said the Beetle, with my thread and needle,
 I made his shroud.



Who will dig his grave?
I, said the Owl, with my spade and shovel:
I will dig his grave.



Who will be the parson?
I, said the Rook, with my little book:
I will be the parson.



Who will be the clerk?
 I, said the Lark, if it's not in the dark:
 I will be the clerk.



Who'll carry him to the grave?
 I, says the Kite, if it's not in the night:
 I'll carry him to the grave.



Who'll carry the link ?
I, said the Linnet, I'll fetch it in a minute:
I'll carry the link.



Who'll be chief mourner?
I, said the Dove,—I mourn for my love:
I'll be chief mourner.



Who'll sing a psalm?
I, said the Thrush, as he stood in the bush:
I'll sing a psalm.



Who'll toll the bell?
I, said the Bull, because I can pull?
So, Cock Robin, farewell!



By arrow wounded, social Redbreast dies,
 A corpse before you, here the warbler lies:
 No more he'll strain his little tender throat,
 The ear to charm with his sweet plaintive note;
 No more his wings against the window beat,
 From Winter's frown to gain a snug retreat;—
 No more he'll seek to find the scattered crumb,—
 The Sparrow's wrath has struck poor Robin dumb;
 The pretty bird has yielded up his breath,
 And rests in peace, clasped in the arms of death.
 All those who are to Innocence a friend,
 Must mourn Cock Robin's fate and tragic end.



